DEMOCRATIC

Vol. 19, No. 34,

RAVENNA, O., THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1887.

thoughts.

WHOLE No. 970.

Silly, Romantic Maidens.

about adoration," cried a popular act-

ress the other day. "If you want to

be incumbered, swathed about, as it

were, with undying devotion, you must

mostly from young girls under

go upon the stage. The adoration will

18, it is true, but then what matter

where one gets one's sweets so that

Baltimore is particularly notable

What do they want? To see me, to

for lovelorn maidens of this type, and

kiss me, to look at me! They send me

fruit and flowers, bon-bons and books,

and they come up here and positively

walk into my room. I very naturally

go away.' I positively turn them out.

Then, after a time, there comes anoth-

er knock at the door. I look out cau-

'Ah,' they say. 'my dear Mrs.

just let us see you a minute. O, do,

do, do!' Then I say 'No!' very flatly.

Well, then, let us just kiss your hand.

Please put your hand through the door.

and we'll kiss it and go right away.

for womankind. I wonder why their

mothers don't give them something to

selves. They beceme positively mand-

lin for want of something to do or some

reasonable object to centre their sur-

plus ardency upon. And then the impudence of them!

dressing-room after the evening's per-formance, and found a pale-faced girl

standing there, as lynx-eyed as a Sheriff. As soon as she saw me she ran up and caught hold of me and said:

O. please, Mrs. ---, can't I ride home

" Why, certainly not," I replied. She

didn't seem at all abashed, but looked

" I just wanted to tell you I felt :

· Pity for me, I gasped, my poor little child there is \$2,000 in the house.

with you in your carriage?"

at me patronizingly and said:

sort of pity for you."

"The other night I came out of my

I have had as many as a dozen letters

they are an assured quality?

a day from them.

"You common folk know nothing

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> AND DON'T FORGET That we have the

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for Custom Work in the County; that we will guarantee both Fit and Workmanship, as well as Trimmings, and at prices that can't be beat. of her usual impassiveness, had urged her to play at her weekly parties dur-

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give you any old chestnuts, but we're going to

siring to sell phase call

Wanted—

We're not going to sing you an old song, nor

At first his grandchild sorrowed bitterly; but as time went on she felt that it was better as it was, and that was better as it was a better as it was better as it was a bett

Give You Solid Goods!

which can't be disputed. If you don't believe ly into the rounded curves of woman-hood. She was beautiful, with the it, call and examine them.

dark clear skin of her Italian parentage, and the masses of raven-black hair which waved back from a low hroad forehead. Her great, lustrous, almond-lidded eyes had in them a strange charm, and few could look into their depths without a longing to the feeling you had for him was not as promising as the endeavor to keep the hair which waved back from a low hroad forehead. Her great, lustrous, almond-lidded eyes had in them a strange charm, and few could look into their depths without a longing to a vivid red glowed through the clear skin of her Italian parentage. "You told him that? He believed that I did not love him! Then that it was why he let me go—as I thought—so willingly, and never sought me!"

A farmer in Delaware County, N. Y., has a pork barrel that has been in constant the feeling you had for him was not age, and the masses of raven-black hair which waved back from a low."

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My Valentine.

What would I have thee, other than thou art, To win my whole soul's love and bless my days?
What other eyes could I so-fitly-praise?
Blue as blue flowers—now dim with tears tha

Start
For gentle pity from thy gentle heart.
Then glad with smiles, as when a plays On answering chords, or o'er the wind-harr strays wind that laughs to come, and grieves

How shall I fitty praise thy true sour's truth. Thy scorn of what is base, thy love of good. Thy wit and wisdom that with grace combine,
The glow and courage of thy feasess youth.
The strength and nobleness of womanhood
The blessed whole of my dear Valentine?
—Louise Chandler Mouiton.

HE LOVES HER STILL. "Ailia, that will do for this morn-

ing. I am not able to attend as I should. Come here, my child." It was a low dark room in one of the tenements with which the street was erowded, and upon a narrow bed lay an old man. His eyes were listlessly closed, and his long white hair was flung carelessly back from his high pale forehead.

As Ailia approached, with her dear violin grasped tightly in both her small ands, his eyes opened, and one could not help but notice the fire of genius which shone in their dark luminous depths. No one could render that better

than you have, little one," he said fondly, as he stroked lovingly back the long dark curls. "I am glad you were pleased, grandfather," she said simply. They were Italians, the old man and his grand-

That they had not always been poor, was whispered around among the few who had become acquainted with Signor Paulo, as he was called. Some gaid he was a miser and hoarded gold for the child, whose playing, though height, and met the angry light of the she was so young, was marvelous. But these surmises did not trouble the old man as he went out and came in

among them. There was really no mystery whatever about his frequent departures, for Signor Paulo was a music-teacher, and, though not well paid, he had small class of scholars. Since he had left his native land he had never been successful, but at last good fortune seemed to be coming to him.

A wealthy Italian lady became interested in him, and learning that he

was of her own country, she engaged him to take charge of her musical "Little Ailia, you shall have a new

dress and that fine book of Handel you have wanted so long," he said gleefully to his granddaughter. But the next day he was stricken down by s

For four weeks he had lain on his cick bed, old and poor, and all save for the company of Ailia. What was to be done?

Though still a mere child-only thireen-Ailia had a woman's mind. All meonsciously the thoughts and feelwhich prompted the masterly strains of the composers she so loved had woven themselves into every fibre of her own heart.

Kept as she had been, from early childhood, from aught that might be purtful to her sweet innocence, Ailia

was still as trustful and unfearing of harm as an infant. So when the pressing thought came what should be done to obtain daily food for her sick grandfather and her self, she remembered with a glad

thrill his words in praise of her play-That afternoon, while the old man slept, a little figure, wrapped in a long scarlet mantle, glided down the steep

It was a bright annny afternoon and Ailia made her way to a fashionable street, and before a stately brown stone mansion she paused.

Giancing upward, she saw in a lacedraped window some ladies and a guests. gentleman. They were not noticing her. Carefully taking the violin from its case,

she laid her cheek softly down, and with trembling fingers drew the bow across the vibrating strings. The group above suddenly separated,

and the window gently opened. "Why, mamma," exclaimed a young roice, "it's only a poor little girl, and she's playing that air of Cherubini's I've been trying to learn for a

"Hush, Mattie!" said another voice Don't talk amid such music." Ailia finished, and, lifting her dark eves towards the window, she waited "By Jove! mother, there's genius in that child's playing; and what a little

beauty she is. Let's call her in." Before his mother, a true type of : dignitied aristocratic English matron. could speak, her impulsive son had left the room, and soon returned, leading

by the hand the little musician. Then Ailia played as she had never played before. Something told her that that moment was the turningpoint of her destiny.

The tiny child-hands, as they wielded the bow, seemed to her hearers as if astinct with power to command the lurking music in the strings to disclose herself.

Before she left the Montrose mansion that afternoon, Ailia had told, in artless words, her history; and Mrs. Montrose, won, for the time, quite out ing the whole of the coming season. Little Ailia easily pacified her grand-

father when he reproved her for what she had done, when she told him of her good fortune. From beguiling the hours for the fashionable throng which assembled in

the Montrose drawing-rooms, Ailia was finally engaged to teach music to the young daughter of the house. A great affection sprang up between the two girls, both of the same age,

though in such different stations. Ailia and her grandfather did not live in the crowded tenement any longer, but had pleasant rooms in a quiet street. Old Signor Paulo never recovered

enough to leave his bed; but as he felt the pangs of approaching dissolution he did not feel the depth of anguish at ed if she had not proved herself so well

"Of him I do not care to speak." coldly replied Ailia. recall her dear grandfather back to his "But, Ailia, listen. I have not weary couch of pain. told you all. When I took back to Four years had passed; and from a slight child Ailia had developed rapident: that you had been mistaken, and dark clear skin of her Italian parent-

pallor of Ailia's face, and her glorion eyes lit up with a radiant light "Take me to him," she said.

At least so felt Percy Montrose. Rewill give him my own message." served to others, to him Ailia was particularly cold and shy, nothwithstand-"Will she come, mother?" ing she recognized his manly, frank The room was only faintly lighted: nature, and knew well that to none the attendants moved noiselessly, for other did her soul go out as it did to though he realized it not himself. Perthe handsome impulsive young man. eemed very near the invisible line the sou of her patroness; but she knew which lies between this world and the the pride of birth and family which filled his mother's heart, and so she shadow-land beyond. There was no reply. resolutely hid her love.

read yet more plainly their inmost

ng, and Ailia had been playing.
Wrapt in thoughts which

It was an unguarded moment.

All unheeded, the storm of anger

bitterly expressed and scornfully spok-

"Like a thief you stole into my

With bated breath Ailia waited un-

"Most certainly, I am sure you

Alone in her room she battled with

her heart-with its intense longing to

see Percy once more, and hear from

his own lips that what his mother had

But to her spirit falsehood was un

suspected as it was unknown, and she

wonder as to where the talented, beau

A few years passed. Mrs. Montro

engraved deep wrinkles upon

and his friends, as they passed

Long ago, Mrs. Montrose had

orphan-girl away from her home,

and she feared to disclose her treacher

While in Rome, cards came to their

hotel, inviting them to a grand fele

which was to celebrate the birthday

All there was in that ancient city of

rank and loveliness were gathered to

gether in Signora's Lisbon's salon, and

at the end of the long room the host-

ess and her daughter awaited their

and diamonds, leaned upon her son'

A day after, with a heavy heart

ed had fallen; he was dangerously

It was some time before the physi-

With as much calm as he could con

wrong she herself had done, hence-

forth her son would be estranged from

Ailia in her adopted mother's home.

Then, in trembling tones, she pleaded

with the girl she had once scorned for

forgiveness for herself and hope for

"Mrs. Montrose," she said, "when

into the cold world, I confess that a

Ailia heard her to the end.

message shall I take to him?"

not hate you now."

recognized his lost Ailia.

to confess all to her son.

her forever.

of the heiress of a noble family.

For a long time it was a

ed, so suddenly had she gone,

mother's once smooth brow.

shook their heads.

to the son she idolized,

children.

seriously:

there is between your stations in

ment, to Mrs. Montrose.

said was nutrue.

face again.

house-wound your toils around my

could hide her heart no longer.

Percy found her.

oveted so earnestly.

ep, arrested her attention.

engagement.

dusk of her own.

said true?"

He looked up. In the place of the stately grey-haired lady he expected to At last the end came. It was mornsee, a beautiful dark face bent over his couch. Soft lips met his. sweet, yet sad as the strain whose cadence yet lingered upon the air, "Do not speak, darling. Ailia. I know all."

Mrs. Montrose is a wiser working, She realizes the truth of the saying, be bound by And when he had once won from her the assurance of her love, her passionate Italian nature asserted itself, Percy and Ailia are married, and and as her lover clasped his arms around her, with a burst of tears, and through her wealth and high station

an inarticulate expression of tender-ness, she laid her head against his Ailia is enabled to help the votaries of the divine art she loves so well, and heart, and then, and not till then, did who, like herself once, are poor and Percy feel sure of the prize he had needy In its silver-clasped, velvet-lined But Ailia was not suffered to live case is a violin.

long in her dream of bliss. The proud Little fingers are sometimes allowed lady who had constituted herself her to gently touch the strings, and baby-As I'm not particular about being a party to such idiocy I persist in my reeyes which resist nurse's blandishpatroness took matters into her own ments to their utmost-ne'er close so hands. What she said Ailia knew not, quickly as when mamma lays her soft passed over her head, until a sentence, cheek on its polished surface, and weaves delicious melodies for little Percy's especial benefit.

From a Woman's Letter.

boy; he sees it, too, since I have open-"Alas! the sarcasm of it all! I am ed his eyes. He himself sent me here not sure that I have many months of to demand his release from this foolish But if I have-what then? Dien sait! I can never work again! Shall I not then pray for death as I now pray til she had finished, and then, rising, for life? Encore! Qui sait? It is very she drew her superb form to its full sad to be taken when one is in the very flower of possibilities, at the desirable cold English blue eyes with the Italian time when ambition may justly look for gratification. If I could tell you of this "Your son wishes to be released hourly contemplation of what I most loathe and dread! There are times from his troth? Is what you have just when I could shriek out in rebellion against my sentence. I could tight need not be surprised, Miss Paulo, when you think of the great disparity anything but this inexorable malady. And I love life, and am so young in heart and mind. I cannot measure It was over. Ailia had given back the ring, the symbol of their attachmyself by years, I feel, or rather felt so young. God bless you! dear friend?"

Let me kiss it a moment, then put it away, this sad little letter that traveled to me From a beautiful woman of days that are gone, who is dying in solitude over the sea!

Just read it, you women! and read it, you men! who have beauty to barter and money to spend;

It was wrung from a heart that is torn with despair, 'tis a letter of sympathy sent to a friend.

despair, tis a letter of sympathy sent to a friend. think of the past there's a sign on the breeze, as I try to forget there's a wall in the air, se darkness it closes around as we move, and a Valley of Shadows is Vanity Fair? felt that she must never look upon his tiful young music-teacher had vanish-

and her son and daughter were travelvoice of the Serpent who glided and bask'd finder leaves Concealing the fruit that a minute destroys, and a lifetime of misery never retrieves! There were kisses in plenty, and jewels galore, and deep-scented flowers to twine in the hair ing abroad. Anxiety for Percy had He was not the merry impulsive Percy of old; his face was grave and pale

nair woman who drank up her joy at a draught, and galloped on Pleasure thro' Vanity Fair! pented of what she had done-of the But the dear voice of Love, that was all in the world, is as sad as the desolate moan of the sea!

So the women are silently yraying for Death who never prayed once in their beautiful life:

For the doil pain of dying, it whitens the face, as the past to the heart cuts it way like cruel falsehood which had wrecked her son's happiness, and driven the no trace of Ailia had she ever found

Ah! the sigh of regret that sinks into the soul. for the air:

For the curtain falls slowly, the play's at an end, and the lights are extinguished in Vanity Fair:

—Clement Scott in the Theatre.

The Use of Words. A Canadian says that the word "toboggan" should be pronounced with the second o long, as in open.

The younger lady was turned slight-Citizens of Depere. Wis., are about ly away from an approaching group, among which Mrs. Montrose, dignified to take a vote to determine whether the name of their city wall be spelled with and stately as ever in her black velvet a small or with a capital P A student of Indian tongues declares that the word "Chicago" was used by "Mark, Percy," she murmured, "the grace which high birth gives to its designate a place where wild onions

abounded-literally, an onion patch, The word "polyg" is in constant use among the people in Utah in conversa-The presentation began. An usher "Mrs. Montrose-Mr. Percy Monttion and in print to designate a Mormon. "Cohab" is applied to a person The young lady turned, and there convicted of unlawful cohabitation and n that regally beautiful face, Percy less frequently to a person of improper

habits. The verb "to jounce" and the sub-Mrs. Montrose bent over the bed stantive, "jouncer," are becoming curwhere her son and heir raved in derent in certain society circles as terms lirium. The blow she had long dreadby which to denote respectively "mash" and "masher." The idea involved is that of the reduction of the victim to the condition of jolting helplessness

cian gave any hope, and then he said typified by the jellyfish. The term "pigeon English," used to designate the lingua franca which "Your son may recover, madame, if passes current between English-speakhe does not have a relapse; but I can see that his mind is troubled; it is ing people and the Chinese, is said to not bodily weakness alone which ails be a corruption of "business English, the word "pigeon" being the nearest In her room the haughty woman fell approach that a Chinaman can make to e pronunciation of the English word

upon her knees and prayed for her son's life. Before the stern messenger who strips off all disguises, her pride Miss Forfescue, the actress, told a melted, and she rose with a resolution Chicago reporter the other day that the adjective "elegant" is never used in London in cultivated conversation. trol Parcy listened, then he turned his Over here it is rightly, and, I notice, frequently used," said she; "but in En-He said no reproachful words, but gland we use it but for one thing in the the look which flashed into the gloom whole world, and what do you think of his once so merry eyes warned his that is? In advertisements of flats, mother that if she could not undo the elegant new flats to let,' you know,"

It is the proper thing in St. Paul and Minneapolis now to call a dude of a certain class a "fade." To come strictly under this designation a dude must not be too old nor too stout, and his most prominent characteristics must be a melancholy mien and a habit of profound silence where speech is not absolutely necessary. He should smile ouly rarely, and in taking leave of a person should vanish gently as if fading you drove me by your cruel words out away,

feeling nearly akin to hate filled my Fair daughter-Pa, dear, why are breast. What might have become of me I know not, had not God brought me a kind friend-one who had known my grandfather in his native land. She took me, crushed and wounded as I was, to her heart, and at last I conis just too lovely. A receiver! And quered my grief and was happy. I do why can't you be a dear good father and appoint me? Then I would have "But Percy-my poor boy-what to receive, and I could have a lovely new reception dress; you're just the dearest papa in the world, but you do

Pittsburg Bulletin. Percy the ring, I made him think that The endeavor to keep the hats of the you yourself had broken the engage- women out of the theater during the told the fore-warned and expectant

A farmer in Delaware County, N. Y., as a pork barrel that has been in contant and the for 160 years.

Whom Miss Ward called a kangaroo.—

Louisville Courier-Journal.

The part of the opera as broad as it is long, daughter. Don't ask any more questions.—Washington Critic.

THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS

PUBLISHED EACH THURSDAY, BY S. D HARRIS & SON!

If not paid in advance......

Entered at the Post-office at Ravenna, Ohio s Second Class matter

Interviewing Dickens.

say, 'I don't know you. Who are you? What do you want? For heaven's sake What is it. young man?" he said, somewhat gruffly, as soon as he became aware of the reporter's presence.

callinness. Yes, yes! well, what is it?" exclaimed Mr. Dickens in a tone so freezing that the reporter shivered and instinctively turned toward the door in expectation of an admonition to "Gets

usal. I'm sure I can't imagine what Well, what do you want?" repeated the great Boz. they mean by it. It makes me blush Wh-wh-what do you think of Niagara Falls?" stammered the reportkeep them busy and prevent them from making such horrible fools of them-

novelist with rising asperity. "I beg your pardon, excuse me, I thought—" nervously interjected the reporter, as he edged towards the door. -Wait a moment. Come here!" Mr. Dickens' demeanor and tone had chang-ed completely. The reporter looked up in surprise. The expression of annoyance in the face of the novelist had given way to one of amused interest. "So you were sent to interview me, were hope you will excuse my candor in saying that your paper could not have sent a person less likely to succeed, even if were willing to be interviewed, which I am not. My young friend, let me give you a word of advice. When you want to interview a man don't act as if you were afraid of him, and don't

I think you had better go home and pray to be like me, I suppose the idiculous infant had conjured up the idea that her artless sympathy would he a great beneficence. "Another annoyance which every actress is subjected to is the treatment of the mob which waits about the theatre doors. English mobs have some features which are more terrible than American mobs. They are really more dangerous but not so impudent

as American crowds. Once, when I got riage in London to go into the theater of the beautiful women who once were so pure there was a very ill-natured mob about the doors, and one hideous old woman hit me violently across the back with her umbrella and leered a frightful face up at me.

"Do you think you're a lovely woman,' she shricked. " No,' said I, 'I don't. Do you?" The crowd stopped grumbling and began laughing. It's easy, enough to deal with an English mob if one only

knows the way to do it. "Here the crowds are mostly made of young boys, and they are incorrigible and shout the most dreadful hings after one. There seems to be to effort to stop them at all. It is like accountering shot and shell to go from the theater to the earriage.

Genevieve Ward's Dog

Miss Genevieve Ward has a famous dog, and thereby hangs a tale. A tail hangs by most dogs, except bull dogs and Scotch terriers, which have their tails cut off, probably to keep them from being chewed off. What kind of a dog Miss Ward's is, the reporter is neither a bull dog nor a Scotch terrier. As its name is Thekla, and as Miss Ward has been all over the world, it is probably a Russiau dog. It has grown old in her affections, and she clings to it with unswerving devotion. It gives her sympathy and consolation when business is bad, and in these degenerate days of dime museums

and "farce-comedies," its services are frequently needed. A gentleman who once journeved from India to Australia with Thekla and Miss Ward tells the following amusing story of their devotion to each other. It appears that in Australia there is a ridiculously large import duty on dogs, and they are also required to go into a quarantine for a ertain length of time, in order to make sure that they will not introduce the mange or other low diseases among the high-bred dogs of Australia, which, like other colonists, are particularly careful of their aristocratic

belongings. Miss Ward learned of this state of affairs as the ship approached its destination. See immediately took alarm, and her demonstrations of affection for Thekla increased at the rate of seven knots an hour, the average speed of the ship. A Mr. Basisto, a member of the Victorian parliament, telegraphed from Adelaide to Melbourne, trying to have Miss Ward's dog admitted free and at once upon the landing of the ship. Other high political influence was brought to bear; but when the party got into the harbor of Melbourne, the purser, who had been particularly objectionable during the voyage, said that a reply had been received to the effect that Thekla must submit to the usual indignities. Miss Ward rushed up to the captain and, pointing to the purser, said:

"This kangaroo says I can't get my dog in. Now, if the dog doesn't go in neither will I. I'll just stay with the

This was rather startling. Miss Ward's arrival was awaited with eager expectancy by a public that had heard of her great charm and talent as an actress. Her engagement was to be on so gloomy? Come, cheer up, and the event of the Melbourne season, talk to your little Dot, Papa dear and to have the whole of Australia dis-Well, dear, if you must know, I think appointed because of a dog, however there'll have to be a receiver appointed expert the latter might be in standing for my bank soon. F. D.-Why, that on his hind legs, turning somersaults, and other canine accomplishments, was too much for the captain. He said:

up in your shawl, put a shawl-strap around him to keep him quiet, and love to look gloomy about nothing .- carry him ashore without saying anything about it."

And that is how Thekla entered Melbourne. Whether or not Miss Ward that the passengers effected the dis-

In a musty little dressing room just off the stage of St. James' Hall, in Buffalo, Charles Dickens gave an ambitious young newspaper reporter his first lesson in interviewing. That was more than twenty years ago and during Mr. Dickens's last visit to this country. The great novelist gave two public reading; in Buffalo, and on the day after his reading in that city he went to the Niagara Falls with a party of friends. It was to obtain his "impressions" of the Falls that the ambitious young reporter. sought Mr. Dickens a few minutes before the rising of the curtain on his second night's entertainment. As luckwould have it the distinguished author was alone in the dressing room. He was sitting at a rude pine table reading a newspaper by the light of a splutter-

"I am a reporter for the Buffalo Ez-

"None of your-" began the famous

throw a net at him as though you were seeking tish in invisible depths. No man whose opinions are worth publishing will respond to a wholesale invitaweak or frivolous questions. You must have an intelligent plan of campaigu when you go interviewing. First of all you must know just what you want to say and your questions must be sufficiently incisive to awaken the interest of the person to whom they are addressed. Once you get a man interested in a subject it will require only a little inwhat I have seen to day I can not help feeling an interest in Niagara Falls, but if you will excuse me for saying so, you lack the ingenuity to set me talking on the subject. I wish you well, however.

Good night. Mr. Dickens's "impressions" of Niagara Falls were not printed in any Buffalo newspaper the next day, but his pithy remarks on the subject of interviewing were printed on the tablets of that young reporter's memory-inred ink, as it were.

Handsome Ben Le Fevre.

Congressman Ben Le Fevre of Ohio s a large and handsome backelor, and has snave manners. He spends a good deal of his time entertaining the ladies who visit the Capitol, and is found in the ladies' gallery as often as it his seat. The waiters in the restaurant always expect him down with one of his lasty friends about 14 o'cloc , and usually save up something nice. He treats all his favorites impartially, but dislikes a crowd, and never invites more than one to lunch with him. Mr. does not know: but as it has a tail, it Le Fevre has adopted a system of signals for communicating with his lady friends, and has given the key to devoted to any particular one. When he wants a lady to lunch with him, for instance, he makes a sign toward the gallery where she is sitting and she, like Davy Crockett's coon, comes down, so that he, being a heavy-waisted man and short of breath, will not have to climb the stairs. Some of the members who sit alongside of Le Fevre in the House have tumbled to this signal

business, having seen it going on for a year or more, and now watch the Ohio statesman to see what the effect One of them says when they saw Fevre signal the words "Come down to lunch with me, yesterday, they went out into the corridor to see who the lady was. To their surprise. they found Le Fevre trying to dodge into a committee room. It so happen ed that the galleries were pretty well crowded with people, and Mr. Le When he gave the signal to a particular one the rest saw it, and, supsing that it was intended for them. each left her seat, and the six met in the corridor, all strangers to each other. As he had sworn upon his credentials as a Congressman that he loved each solely and alone, he did not know what might happen if he met the crowd in the corridor, and dodged into the committee room just in time to escape. When I repeated the story to Mr. Le Feyre he declared there was not a word of truth in it, and insisted that the six ladies were all soliciting subscriptions have contributed to one or two of them, but did not like to give away money to charity by wholesale, and when he saw so many he dodged them, as any other Congressman would have done.-

Chicago News. Love and Ashes.

San Francisco's pretty women who are given to flirting have a way of mixing up poetical sentiment that, as writer in the Chronicle observes. takes the angel cake. One of these fascinating creatures, who gets great numbers of love-letters, was asked what she did with them. Her answer tells the story: "I burn them at once have a vase in my room. I have had it for a year or two. When I get a love-letter, it does not matter from whom, I light it and throw it into the vase. It burns, and I never disturb the ashes. That jar is half full of ashes now, and heaven knows how many declarations of love are cremated

After the opera: Twelve year old miss-The opera was very long, wasn't custom officers that Thekla had died it mamma? Mamma-Yes, daughter, as promising as the endeavor to keep of sea-sickness the reporter's informant and very stylish. Miss The ballet did not say. He did say, however, that the passengers effected the discharge of the disagreeable purser, do they have the ballet, then, mamma?